

of thy son. Bring him home safe, oh God. God! Forgive my cowardice. . . .”

The unspoken prayers of the woman and the priest poured into the quiet study and mingled in a silent and useless kyrie. Swelling and filling the room, it spilled out over the threshold into the blood-grey city and the cold autumn twilight.

AND ONLY BLOOD WILL REMAIN

by Randy Moser

The winds blow and the trees fall;
No passer-by could hear the call
Of this woman whose death is drawing near.
For Death himself has found her here
At the home of her husband, children—and all;
And the winds blow and the trees fall,
And only blood will remain.

The winds blow and the trees dry;
To a yellow shade turns the sky.
In a yellow haze her man returned
To his wife destroyed, his children burned.
In grief and fear he decided to die;
And the winds blow and the trees dry,
And only blood will remain.

The winds blow and the trees are dead;
‘Tis a wonder now, no blood they’ve shed.
Mysterious Death has come along
To a family of love who did no wrong.
What happens tomorrow cannot be said;
And the winds blow and the trees are dead,
And only blood will remain.

